murder can be FUN

Enter the world of the

CHEERLEADERS™

A new series about the competitive lives
and loves of the most popular in-group around!

JOHNNY MARR
P. O. BOX 640111
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

So, welcome to the rodeo. First, the whys & wherefores: does the world really need another grubby little 'zine? Standard answer, none's ever been grubby in quite this way, before. I'll admit to being raging punk rock, but when it comes to rags, there's gotta be more to it than the usual mish-mash of dull scene reports, stupid interviews, & the inevitable good record reviews (keep those promos coming!) Oh, and for the "serious" rags, there's also peace, love, & vegtables & extremely bad poetry. OK, I'll conceed that there is a need, & some can even do it rather well. But after 200 'zines, each with a identical Kevin Seconds interview...

So, now that the mainstays of the generic PR fanzine have been eliminated, what's left? Gosh, just think of the endless possibilities. The great murders, the asinine teen exploitation books, the horrible movies, the silly advice columnists - all those wonderful things that you miss in PR zines. Mindless suicides, pointless behavior, proof that people <u>really</u> are that stupid...

OK, contributions. I suppose I could use some, but this is my baby - no FLIPSIDE ad "starting new fanzine" who'll publish any shit sent & excuse lameness 'cos people sent in shit. I just want to hear about all the neat stuff that I'm missing.

Send comments, death threats, info, cash, whatever to Johnny Marr (see the address up there?) To get a copy of this ish or next, send 2 - 22¢ stamps or something cool. At least intelligent.

I like getting mail. Don't you? Especailly the weird stuff that is either put out by crazy types, or that you'd have to be crazy to want. (I plead guilty, by the way). Here's a few goodies that are worth some stamps & $$. Dig.

FACTSHEET FIVE - Mike Gunderloy/ 41 Lawrence St./ Medford, MA 02155
Costs $2, but well worth it. A directory of the underground press, reviews all kinds of zines from punk rock to science fiction, and then some. 500 reviews in the last issue. Literally something for everyone.

BIBLE TRACTS, INC. - Box 588/ Normal, IL 61761
Tracts, naturally, and they'll send you all "that you can prayerfully use" for nothing, some of which are fairly funny. Sound pious when you write (ie, don't mention me) & make something up about finding a tract in a gutter soemwhere.

ANN LANDERS pamphlets - PO Box 11995/ Chicago, IL 60611
If you dig on the column, you'll love the booklets. Sample titles: HIGH SCHOOL SEX, DATING: DO'S & DON'TS, THE LOWDOWN ON DOPE, BOOZE & YOU: FOR TEENAGERS ONLY, etc. Most cost 50¢ or so, and reprint some of the better letters. Send a SASE for complete list.

ELBEE CATALOG - Box 230/ San Antonio, TX 78291
The best novelty catalog I have ever seen, 28 pages of junk that they used to push in the backs of comic books. Jokes, tricks, gags, decals, disguises. Plus, they have really great grab bags. Especailly reccomended are rubber animals and tiki gods. They may be out of catalogs by now, but try sending a buck & a SASE anyway.

VIEW FROM THE LEDGE - Chuck Shepard/ PO Box 57141/ Wash, DC 20037
A magazine devoted to all those bizarre little clippings from newspapers, like "Roach Caught in Ear" or "Runaway Tire Kills Man". Send a SASE plus contribution.

YOUTH 86 - 300 W. Green St./ Pasadena, CA 91123
The youth arm of THE PLAIN TRUTH, the mag of the Worldwide Church of God. (Catch Armstrong's obit a few months back?). Typical slick little HC Christian rag aimed at the young with a silly advice column. Send 'em a card & you'll get it free, forever.

Anyone have any further reccomendations?

THOSE RESPONSIBLE: Me, so if you don't like it, kill me. We Don't Care Bears courtesy of the incomparable Barb Warr, who lives on a houseboat and digs Chinese funeral processions. Other inspirations: Ask Beth, Ann Landers, Barb Wire (who draws a mean Charly), Scott, Frank, and Dick. Fuck you, Pete, Jack, and Sharon. (How can you bear to be yourself?). Suck eggs, Herb. Finally, I hope you get every social disease known to humanity, plus a few new ones, Jamie. 567890

high-school Cheerleader murdered

4

This one gets my vote for the snuff of '84. How can you beat the tale of a popular cheerleader, stabbed to death only yards away from her suburban home? And I'm not the only one, either. OK, last year, thousands of teenagers got offed. But how many of those did you read about in THE WEEKLY WORLD NEWS? Or PEOPLE? Or, the ultimate, ROLLING STONE.

I'm refering, of course, to the Kirsten Costas murder in Orinda, Calif. Orinda is a total bedroom 'burb of San Francisco and Oakland. Or, as the locals like to put it, "the only industry of Orinda is its schools". It's one of the wealthier ones, with a BMW (or at least a Mercedes) in most garages. People are white, wealthy & conservative, sitting in their quarter- or half million dollar homes. The atmosphere is more '50s than '80s, kinda dull & quiet. Big excitement when someone gets tanked up on beer & wraps daddy's car around a tree.

In this little all-American town, Kirsten was the all American girl. She had it all - pretty, pert, petite, almost born to be a cheerleader. Naturally, she got a bid from "The Bobbies", the high school sorority, the summer before her junior year. So, she had no reason to question the invitation she received for a Bobbies initiation dinner on June 23rd.

That night, a blonde girl picked Kirsten up. An hour later, Kirsten was knocking at the door of the Arnold family in neighboring Moraga. Her friend had "gone weird" on her - could she get a ride home?

A beat-up, gold Pinto followed all the way to Kirsten's house. After Kirsten was let out, a "chunky, not fat, blonde teenage girl" jumped out of the Pinto. There was an arguement, then a fight. Something flashed in the blonde girl's hand, and Kirsten fell.

She was DOA at Kaiser Hospital from 5 stab wounds.

The news hit Orinda like a bombshell. Hey, things like that are supposed to happen out there on the other side of the hills, places like Oakland and Berkeley, not quiet little Orinda. The whole thing reeked of an attack on Orinda itself, with cheerleaders & sororities, so the first wave of suspicion was directed towards the miniscule colony of non-conforming teens. Anyway, everyone knew it couldn't have been one of Kirsten's friends because "they all drive BMWs".

Surprisingly, even with a description of the car & killer, the police investigation quickly bogged down & the rumours ran rampant. Pretty soon, the gossip had narrowed it down to two girls, one heavey metal, one hardcore punk, both of whom had quite openly despised Kirsten. They didn't even get the dubious pleasure of a trial by media. Throughout the summer, their families' homes wer vandalized, they were pointed out on the streets, and they received crank calls at all hours - "Why don't you just confess?" Most of the calls were from adults. When school reopened 2 months later, they had both transferred.

For three months, Miramonte High School boiled with rumours. 750 Pintos and 1,000 interviews later, the FBI was

Bernadette Protti

Favorite Song:
"Borderline" by MADONNA

Letter confesses

Dear Mom and Dad,

I have been trying to tell you this all day, but I love you so much and it's hard so I'm taking the easy way out. I just can't be near you when you see this because I've already caused so much pain. The reason why it took so long on Friday (Dec. 8, 1984) is because the FBI man Mr. Hilley thinks I did it. And he is right. I can't bring her back but I'm so sorry. I would kill myself except maybe that would hurt you even more. He told me you would still love me, but not what I did and that life is still worth living. I hope so. I've been able to live with it for awhile, but I can't ignore it. It's too much for me and I can't be that deceiving. I've spoken to a priest but I still can't take it. I need to turn myself in, with you if would come, today. Please forgive me. I need you. I'm so sorry that I've been a disappointment to you in every way. I'm even worse that words can describe and I hate myself. And after all I've done, I still have demands but I don't know what else to feel. I need your love, please still love me. I can't live unless you love me. I've ruined my life and yours and I don't know what to do and I'm so ashamed and scared. I love you,

Bernadette

P.S. Please don't say how could you or why, because I don't understand this and I don't know why. I need so much help I don't know what to do.

called in. With the aid of a computer-generated personality profile, the list of suspects was finally narrowed down to one name - Bernadette Protti. On December 11, she turned herself in. (see note)

Like Kirsten, Bernadette was 15, and a member of the Bobbies, although not nearly as popular. In her confession, she stated that she'd wanted to be more popular, like Kirsten, and wanted to be her friend. She'd lured her out with the phoney Bobbies invitation so she could take her to a party. Before the party, they parked in a parking lot to smoke some joints.for a half hour. Suddenly, Kirsten said "You're weird" and split. She followed Kirsten to say that she wasn't weird, to convince her not to tell all the kids at school, all she wanted was to be friends. On the chase back, she found a knife in her car. During the last arguement, she got angry & struck out...

The trial was a great big joke. Bernadette was willing to plead guilty to 2nd degree murder, but a grandstanding DA had to go for 1st degree (premeditation), even though the penalties for each were the same, max being stuck in CYA until your 25th birthday. The highlight came when the DA claimed that Miss All-American was too pure to have ever touched drugs, and the part about the joints was obviously a lie by a cold-blooded, scheming murderess. The defense refuted this by presenting two witnesses who'd see Kirsten snorting coke at parties - ah, for the look on the senior Costas's face! Verdict was guilty, in the 2nd degree. Though she may be paroled, Bernadette will most likely be in CYA until she is 25.

Of course, the $64 question is Why? Mostly, people in Orinda picture Bernadette as just another psycho, a suburban Charles Manson to be locked up for a long time so everything will be rosy again. But outside the 'burbs, judgements are a bit more harsh. Almost all observers noted that is was more like the town was on trial than the girl. Most papers took a jealousy tack, even in the best of towns. On the other hand, ROLLING STONE, digging a little deeper, played up the competition angle, the intensity when everyone has nearly everything already.

Of course, the key is the half hour in the parking lot, something that no one really tries to explain. Yet something must have happened, something big, to make Kirsten split out on her sorrority sister & beg a ride off a stranger. Best bet? My guess is a pass, or, more delicately, homosexual overtures. But, whatever it was, it was enough to label Bernadette as weird, and it was worth killing for to avoid that label.

Picture it. You're basically trapped in this small suburb. It's your entire world, & you want to make it. To be popular, have fun, make the scene. You've worked long & hard at it, finally getting a toehold at the top-membership in the top sorrority. It's near enough to taste, what you've always wanted to be, what that girl next to you is. The girl you've just really freaked out, who now thinks you're weird.

You've got to stop her from telling the kids at school, anyway you can. Just five-minutes of that tongue and you'll hit rock bottom, total scum. You know how one little slip can make people snigger at you for weeks, and this is no little slip. Big time. If you're lucky, no one will ever speak to you again. But more likely, it'll be catcalls, insults, graffitti, crank phone calls, maybe even physical violence. They may as well just run you out of town on a rail, 'cos you're through. You've lost everything.

That is, unless you can stop that tongue somehow, anyhow. Persuade her anyway you can, even if it means scaring her with that knife you found under the seat.

Afterwards, it's like a dream. Maybe you'll even wake up, sometime. You know it happened, but did it really happen to you? It couldn't have, you'll wake up, sometime. So you can keep up the mask, it's not too hard - maybe it never even happened. Until you realize that the game is up, there's one name left on the suspect list and it's yours.

So, that's the story. In theory, Bernadette could get out in as little as 18 months, but don't count on it. When the good folk in Orinda kick up a fuss, the politicos listen. And they're sure to bitch about such a vicious murderer getting off with a "slap on the wrist". Hey, it's law 'n' order country - go, Ronnie! She'll get out when they forget, no sooner.

And the results? Not much. The Bobbies have disbanded, hurray. Seems that I recall that such groups are illegal under the state school code, anyway. But things in Orinda haven't really changed, it's still the same pretty suburb filled with pretty children, oh so perfect. Just that sometimes they bite.

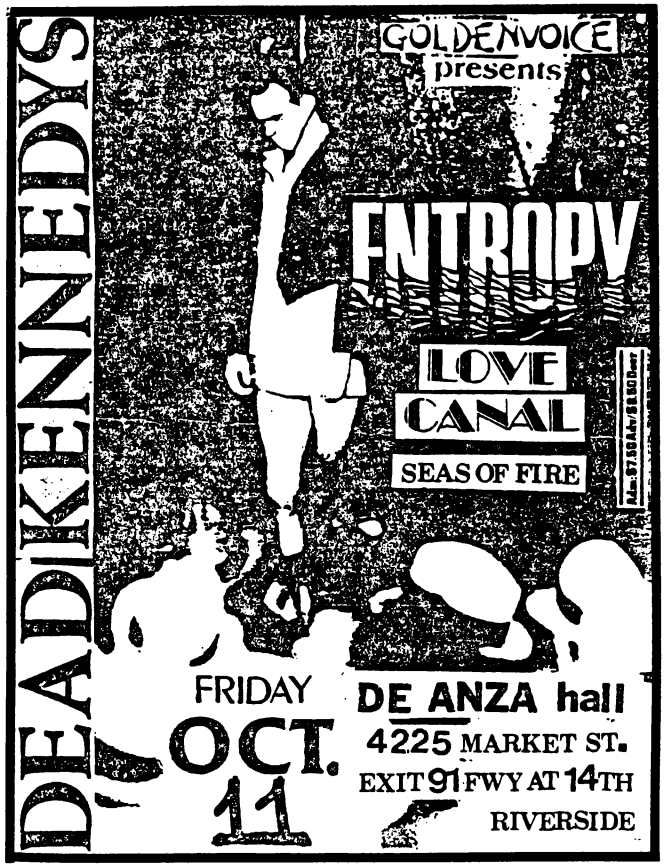
Answer: THOMAS THURMOND. Reason: Kidnapping the wrong person at the wrong time. Here's how:

Place: San Jose, 1934. Pre-Silicon Valley. Thomas & his friend John Holmes kidnapped 22-year old department store heir Brooke Hart and promptly tossed him into the Bay. They then asked for $40,000 ransom, but Thomas got carried away in the pick-up negotiations & was arguing on the phone with the senior Hart when the police burst in.

Now, kidnapping really bothered people back in the '30s, with the Lindbergh baby & all, and Brooke was far from an ideal victim, being a recent graduate of San Jose State & quite the popular young man about town. Sentiment against Thurmond & Holmes was running high when his body was washed ashore.

That night, a crowd of 15,000 in a very collegite mood gathered in front of the jail chanting such cheery things as "Get that ball" and "We want a touchdown". Gov. Rolfe turned down the sherriff's request for troops, possibly because he thought it was just another football rally (those crazy kids!). Around midnight, the crowd stormed the jail, overcame the police, & dragged the kidnappers from their cells. Go get 'em, Spartans!

Naturally, no one was ever charged with the lynchings, although faces in the photos were easily identifiable. Gov. Rolfe: "I would like to parole all kidnappers in San Quentin and Folsom to the fine and patriotic citizens of San Jose".



WHO IS THIS MAN?

(AND WHY IS HE HANGING FROM A TREE?)

Contest

Bundy, acting as his own attorney, presents a motion in court. WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

EVERYONE CAN PLAY! • IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO WIN!

OK, Kids

LET'S PLAY HANGMAN WITH TED BUNDY!

THE ONLY GOOD SORORITY GIRL IS A

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Send 'em in! Prizes for Best, Worst, and Correct answers!

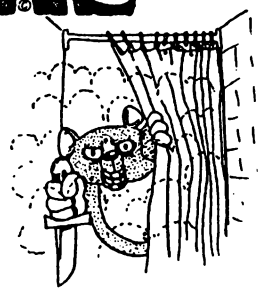
Tired of the surfeit of warm, cute, cuddly market hype? Sick of sugary Smurfs? Googly-eyed Garfields? Happy Hello Kitties? Cuddly Care Bears? Well, push back against this all-engulfing wave of maudlin Americana. We at Hairless Dog Productions believe it's time to fight this offensively optimistic crap! Get Negative! Get Angry! Get:

By B. WARR

WE DON'T CARE BEARS©

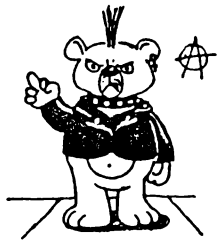
ARMS RACE BEAR

PERVO BEAR



PSYCHO BEAR

MOLESTER BEAR

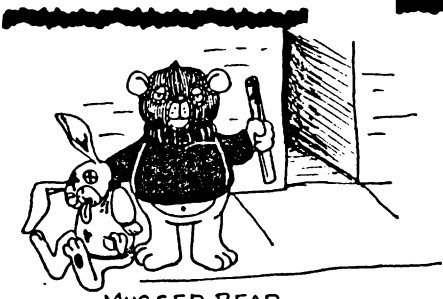


FUCK YOU BEAR

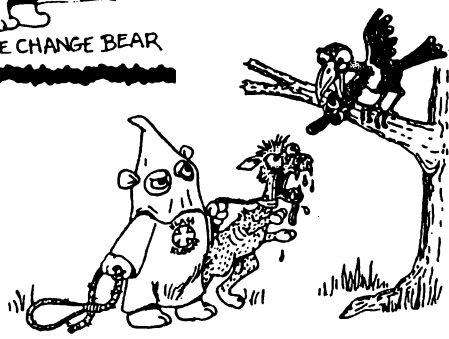
ACID BEAR

SUICIDE BEAR

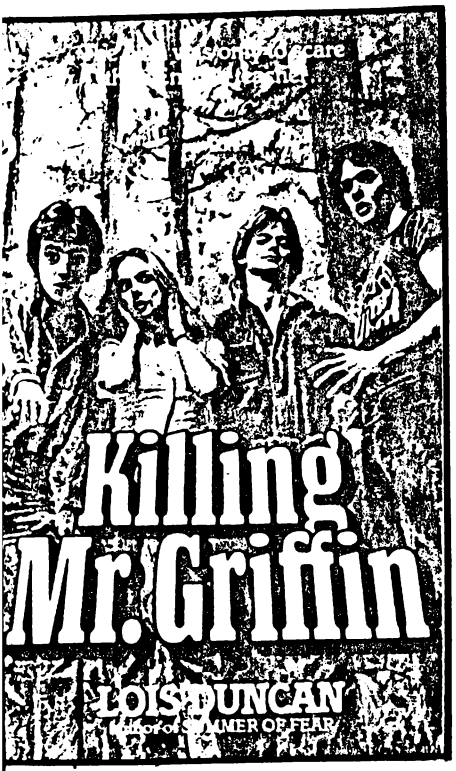
SPARE CHANGE BEAR

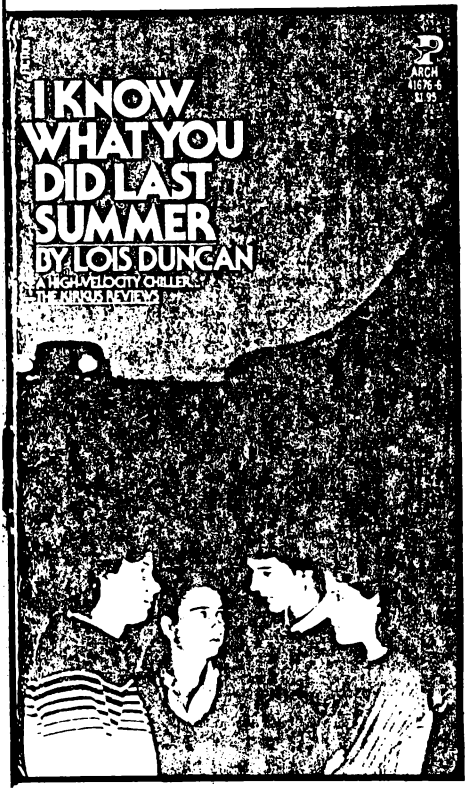


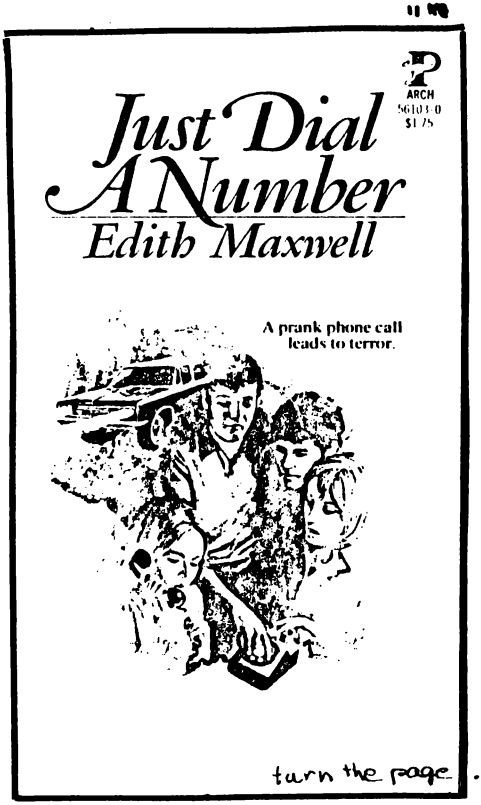
MUGGER BEAR



KLAN BEAR







turn the page . . .

Teen guilt

Teen-age guilt novels. Ooh, how I love 'em!! The joy of watching a bunch of disgustingly smug, self-assured "normal" teens really fuck up, like maiming or snuffing someone, & then spending the next 200 pages up on the cross with the nails being pounded in. Guilt! Guilt! Get it!

The hottest sub-sub-genre is the teen hit 'n' run novel. Remember the bit in driver's ed, about the car being a deadly weapon? No shit, as they find out in HAUNTED SUMMER and I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER. Strange, it seems to be very in these days to peg little boys on bikes during summer break. HAUNTED SUMMER is the milder of the two, the kid actually surviving. But it's great anyway, 'cos the local media picks up on the case, "You run and you run, but you can never run far enough or fast enough to flee from yourself", etc., ad nauseum. Wow!

In I KNOW WHAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER, the kid biker definitely bites it, as happens sooner or later to those riding without lights or reflectors after dark. The teens, though, having had a little too much beer & grass, speed on & later swear themselves to secrecy. No witnesses, no evidence. Safe, no? Well, then they start getting letters saying....

Of course, sometimes it's the car occupants who get it, like in JUST DIAL ANY NUMBER. Remember how you were told to never, ever make crank phone calls? Well, this bunch obviously wasn't listening. One night, larking, they call& gasp, "Someone tried to kill me!", and are answered with a scream, "Ohmigod Mary Jane, are you all right??!!". The next day they find out that that the folks answering had hopped into their car & torn across town to see what was wrong with Mary Jane. Too bad they managed to fatally wrap themselves around a freeway abutment. And Mary Jane goes to their school!

But you don't need cars, really. Ever have a pompous ass teacher in high school who just couldn't get over that he wasn't teaching college students & was flunking everyone? Check out KILLING MR. GRIFFEN. Buncha teens kidnap the old fart & leave him tied up for a few hours, just "to scare him". Too bad about his heart condition. When they come back, it's a real live stiff on their hands.

So there you have 'em. All really cool, even if they do all blow it & confess/get caught in the end. "Confession is good for the soul"?. Ha.

If you know of anymore hot ones, drop me a line. Next- teen anorexia!

READ HARD OR DIE

BREAKING POINTS by Mr. & Mrs. John Hinckley

As in John Hinckley, Jr.. Mainly a minute by minute account of what they went through after John, Jr. bagged Regan up until he was found NGRI. Little bit of flashbacks of John as a kid, but more of a parent's-plight book than a bio. Some nice poems, but NO PICTURES! OK, but wait until it comes out in used paperback.

AND I DON'T WANT TO LIVE THIS LIFE by Deborah Spungen

Totally hot. About Nancy Spungen, the girlfriend that Sid Vicious stabbed back in the good old days, and by her mother, no less. Now, I was expecting a "punk rock killed my darling" book, but instead, Deborah writes about how Nancy was schizo from day one, and it really was just a matter of time before she killed herself. She even thinks that Nancy really egged Sid into stabbing her to "show that he loved her". Now, if the Hinckleys had done a book like this...

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH by Cameron Crowe

Cute-boy ROLLING STONE reporter infiltrates LA high school to "find out what's really going on out there with the kids". They're every bit as stupid as you think they are, so there. More evidence to support Mark Twain's bunghole theory.

NIGHTMARE ALLEY by William Lindsay Gresham

A chilling story of a guy determined to claw his way to the top, money & power, no matter what. Stanton Carlisle, sideshow magician, becomes Rev. Stanton Carlisle of the Spiritualist Church. The converts donate millions, but do they know it's really done with mirrors? It's about exploitation, taking another person's desperate need & turning it to your own advantage. Not pretty, and neither is Stanton's fall to the absolute bottom. Incredible closing lines.

THE WRONG CASE by James Crunley/ Vintage 1986

This is the hot one, totally hardboiled, mindlessly violent. And, of course, sordid. Sort of like real life, no? The detective is an alchoholic who likes to hang with winos & do more interesting drugs, and the case is a simple missing person which snowballs with the whole corrupt town & the obligatory familty scandals. Everyone agrees Crumley can write, even people who barf in the middle of the first chapter? Test: turn to pg. 5 & read, starting at the paragraph "Directly beneath...". If you can dig it, buy it.

GRAVE ERROR by Steven Greenleaf / Ballantine, 1982

A nice little P.I. novel, very much in the Ross Macdonald mode. John Marshall Tanner gets hired to sniff around the family of a Nader-type activist with some interesting skeletons in the closet. Set in SF, so I dug it.

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS by Jack Finney

You know the story - buncha pods from outer space float down into Marin County, Calif. & form duplicates of the locals & threaten to take over the world until our heroes bravely defeat them, thus saving the world. Yippie. Actually, it's a pretty good, fun read, though you may not think it's fiction if you've ever been to Marin.

CRAIG & JOAN: TWO LIVES FOR PEACE by Eliot Asinof

The supreme act of white liberal guilt? True story about a pair of all-American teens; he, president of the drama club, she, cheerleader, committing suicide to protest the Vietnam war. I don't know how Asinoff managed it, but this book is dull. Kinda funny, though, how the town (Blackwood, New Jersey) managed to shrug the whole thing off. Maybe if, instead of the old hose-over-the-tailpipe, they'd gone with self-immolation...

WHEN ALL THE LAUGHTER DIED IN SORROW by Lance Rentzel/ Bantam, 1972

Lance Rentzel. Rich. Handsome. Star football player with the Dallas Cowboys. Married to Sex Goddess Joey Heatherton. Perfect, no? Well, almost. Seems he had this strange habit that really annoyed people - exposing himself to little girls. Totally true and totally rad.

THE SENSATION by Norman Keifetz/ Signet, 1975

I guess is just a coincidence, handsome star athlete who marries sexy blonde starlet but can't stop showing his dick to little girls - a cliched plot, no? I mean, he plays baseball, so this novel doesn't have a thing to do with Lance. It's still pretty good, but guess who the guy on the cover looks like...

EDWARD GEIN: AMERICA'S MOST BIZARRE MASS MURDERER by Judge Robert H. Gollmar/ Chas Halberg & Co., 1982.

Perhaps AMERICA'S TRENDIEST MASS MURDERER would be a better title, considering the Gein-mania about these days. Face it, Gein's forte wasn't mass murder, it was grave robbing & cadaver mutilation. Book was written by the Judge at Gein's '68 trail & is ok, though it tends to get bogged down in verbatim trial transcripts & legal reports. Gein actually claimed he shot Bernice Worden by accident! A few pages of photos and a great appendix on Gein humor. Worth getting if you're really into Gein; otherwise, wait until someone does a better book. (Verdict: Not Guilty by reason of insanity).

Today at the Movies

(G) Suggested for GENERAL Audiences
(PG) All Ages Admitted. Parental Guidance Suggested
(PG 13) Parental Guidance Suggested for Children Under 13

(R) RESTRICTED Persons under 18 NOT admitted unless accompanied by parent or adult guardian
(X) Persons under 18 NOT ADMITTED

RATINGS PRINTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE
Rated By Motion Picture Producers Association
SHOWING RATINGS OF FILMS RELEASED AFTER 11 1 68

REVENGE OF THE LIVING DEAD

Oh God. This is what happens when you deliberately try to to make a bad movie - you get a boring movie. And the bad punk rock soundtrack & even worse "punk" actors don't help, though they do look stupid. Why are revived dead people always so angry???

DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN

I'll be damned, this movie is all right. From the video, you'd guess that it would be nothing but trendy discos playing Madonna music with that belly button being shoved in your face every 5 seconds. Actually, the only disco scene isn't any longer than the video. Basic plot, housewife from Joisey, gets bonked on the head & gets everyone, including herself, thinking she's Madonna. Amusing.

SUBURBIA

A new concept, make a movie about punk rocks & use real PRs instead of the usual Hollywood cuties. At least the clothes are right for a change. You know the story, buncha teen runaways with funny haircuts take over empty house & watch lotsa TV, pissing the neighbors off to no end in the process. Nice little piece of exploitation, ends just like THE TRIAL OF BILLY JACK. Also has the best disruption scene (the funeral) since the wedding in THE GRADUATE. Vital.

ORGY OF THE DEAD

They rave about this in PSYCHOTRONIC FILMS. A breast fetish? Definitely one of the worse moveis ever made. Young couple get stranded in a graveyard where they are forced to watch an unending stream of bad topless dancers in funny briefs. No one even gets killed. Suggestion: catch the first 10 minutes for some truly bad filming, but take off when you've seen enough breasts.

OVER THE EDGE

Totally mandatory, even if you hate Matt Dillon's guts (it's his first movie). How can you beat a movie about a buncha kids in a California suburb who have nothing better to do than trash it? Simple! Base it on a real story! All this was based loosely on stuff that happened in Foster City & various other places in the SF Bay Area. This movie has it all - teen sex, teen drug abuse, teen violence, & teen death. And you can get it all on a videocassette.

From:

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